Tribe 8
ROLE MODELS FOR AMERIKA

Tribe 8

ROLE MODELS FOR AMERIKA

Virus 212CD

1 (Intro) 2 **Sunbears** 3 **Old Skool, New Skool** 4 **Sleep Deprivation** 5 **Junkyard Dog** 6 **Ta Ta, Ta-Ta's**
7 **What The Papers Didn't Say** 8 **Queen Of The Scene** 9 **Castration Song #22** 10 **Rise Above**
11 **Daredevil Delivery** 12 **Het Punx (Opie 'N' Alli's Song)** 13 **Takin' Out The Trash** 14 **Estrofemme**
15 **Haldol Shuffle** 16 **Prison Blues** 17 **Hapa Girl** 18 **Sunbears** (Extended Dance Mix)

(C) & (P) 1998 Alternative Tentacles Records, P.O. Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092, USA. www.alternativetentacles.com
Send a stamp for a catalog. $1.00 non-U.S. Distributed by Mordam Records. Virus 212CD

Tribe 8

ROLE MODELS FOR AMERIKA

Virus 212CD

7 21616-0212-2 6

Virus 212CD

Tribe 8 are:
SLADE BELLUM : Drums/Vocals
LYNN BREEDLOVE : Vocals
LESLIE MAH : Guitar/Vocals
LYNN FLIPPER : Guitar/Vocals
LYNN PAYNE : Bass/Vocals

Special Slots:
J.D. : Harmonica (Trk. 4)
Tantrum : Trombone (Trk. 7)
J.A.M. : Vocals (Trk. 9)
Shaunna Hall : Guitar (Trk. 11, 16)/Vocals (Trk. 17)
Gramps : Shakey Egg (Trk. 12)
Madigan Chivas : Cello (Trk. 15)

Produced by Tribe 8
Co-produced by Shaunna Hall
Recorded & mixed by Bart The Recording Guy at
Found Sound, San Francisco, CA
Track 17 recorded at Doggbutt Studio & Found Sound
Edited by Shaunna Hall, Dave Kaplowitz,
Amon Armstrong and Thom Canova
Sequencing & techno noises by Slade & Texas Tomboy
Mastered by George Horn at Fantasy Studios, Berkeley, CA

Front cover, booklet back cover &
CD disc photo: Michael Halsband
Back cover photo: Thuy Nguyen
Leg model: Tory
Tattoo: Leslie
Booklet photos: Staff, Christopher Mika, Flipper, Lynnee,
Slade, Georgia Stokes, Phyllis Christopher, Chloe Sherman,
Judith Moman, Larry the photo guy, LeAnn Foster,
and Romelle

All music by Tribe 8, except 9 (Black Flag)
All lyrics written by Lynn Breedlove,
except 1 (Breedlove/Anna Joy), 5 (Breedlove/Kovic),
9 (Black Flag), 12 (Flipper),
13 (Mah/Flipper/Breedlove), 16 (Mah/Flipper)

Thank You:
Julia Query, Shuggie Lee, Georgia, Liza Z, J.A.M., Anna Joy, Shaunna Hall, Bartman, Found Sound, David, Thom, Aman, everyone at A.T., John, Kristen, Jennifer, Chuck, Jello, J.D., Madigan, Dean ex-booking machine, Mordam crew, Stormy Leather, Good Vibrations, Matt/Outpunk, Vixen, Lickety gang, Black and Blue crew, Natalie, Idexa, Marie, Sally, Sasha, Commons crew, Emily, Jessica, Mike, Jamie, Nellie, Bearded Lady crew, Lisa Vigel, Downtown Donna, Prarie Dog, Becky Wrek for gong cymbol, Lucy Thane, Mutti, Sugarfoot, Lunachicks, Pansy Division, The Third Sex, Sexpod, Vitapup, Girlie Action, Team Dresch, Slow Club, Spinsters Palace, Chloe Transister, Mistress Formika, Bamboo Girl, Margerita, Johnny of Seattle, the original Mr. Breedlove, Michael Halsband, Auntie Ming Ching, Shell & Alla, Kelly, Sid, Marie Jones Micozzi, Harriet Dodge, Hima B, Paula, Emily M, Stella, Sheri Ozeki, Lori Hartman, My Son Bean, Chloe Sherman, Tanya Uhlman, Christopher Lee, Sue Tobin, Judy Spitler, Lisa & Riley, Ulla, Selena Whang, the extended Mah family, the Wongs & Parrick's, Richard Grable, Cindy Mah, Sarah West, Romelle, Southern Belle, Thuy Nguyen, Mingus, Thelma & Louise, Lorena Bobbit, Aileen Wournos, Norma Jean Croix, Texas Tomboy, Ashiya, Sivan, Annie, Qy, & Pickles.

Special thanks to:
Kathy Acker; keep fuckin' shit up on the big pirate ship in the sky.

SUNBEARS

Sunbears. I like Sunbears. What do sunbears do? They roll around in the sun. Their fur is black like their tongues. What do they do when there is no sun? They mope. They brood. They cope. They brood. Shoot dope. They brood. If you ask 'em are they happy they say nope. They're rude. Sunbears. I like Sunbears.

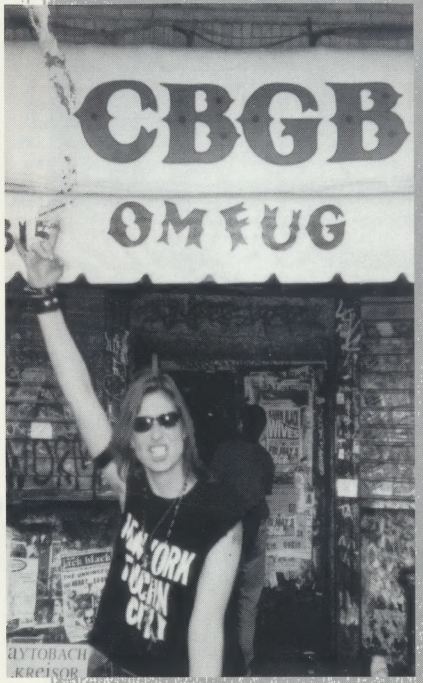
OLD SKOOL, NEW SKOOL

Lying in a suburban gutter, at seventeen I knew the world was mean. Yer momma changed yer nasty diapers. "Ga-ga," you said. I said, "What hardcore scene?" I was too high to hitch a ride to the Fab Mab, I missed the DK's, East Bay Ray. I spent all my cash. I was smashed all the time. I was queer. Drank too much beer. I was weird. Cuckoo for cocoa puffs. Crashed cars, stole guitars, cops put me in jail, no one made bail. I seduced my best friend in her parents' bed. Old skool, new skool. I didn't go to school. You intimidate me cuz you can skate, see. It must be hard on Daddy's credit card to judge those who break your punk rock rules, when Johnny Rotten's giving interviews by his swimming pool. Do you ever feel like you've been cheated? You got upset when we made rent and we opened for Slayer in the land of big hair. They threw beer. We didn't care. Didn't have to give no $5 blowjobs that week. Hey aren't you the guy that tried to frame MDC with a photo of them walking into McDonald's? Where're they supposed to pinch a loaf? We're not the enemy. Whitehouse, Fido, Whitehouse, sic 'em! Go read your MRR over a beer bong. Middle class white boy. Your rules don't apply to me. Old skool, new skool. I didn't go to school.

(With thanx to Bob Murder, the punkest fuck ever. And dedicated to all the other assholes who think they're the punkest fucks ever.)

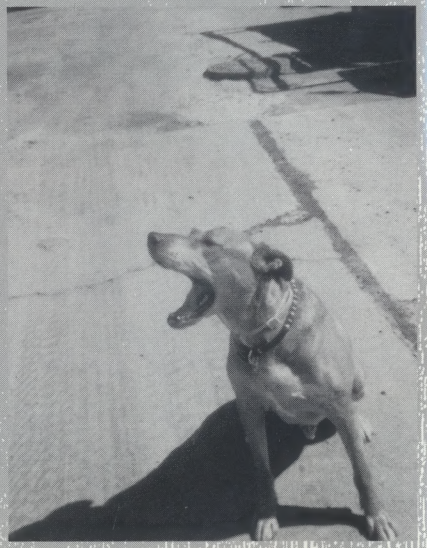
SLEEP DEPRIVATION

Staying up all night. Porking baby right. Next day your eyes are half-mast. You're higher than a kite. Hi in NYC on sleep deprivation. Open twenty-four hours. You can get hair ties, beer, or flowers. There's so much shit going down, the cops ain't got no power. Hi in NYC on sleep deprivation. Sleep dep, sleep dep, sleep dep. Twenty cups o' joe. Ain't missin' nothin', no. All night eats and drag king shows, it's go go go go go.



JUNKYARD DOG

Dirty dog digging for a bone, I dig deep, I come up dirtier, I been searching I can't find the hole where I put my bone. Junkyard dog down on my luck. Mama say quit barking, you're making such a ruckus. I jump on her like she was a meat truck. Buried my bone in a secret hole, dark, deep, the dirt was warm. I buried my bone in mama's backyard, bone as big as a baby's arm. That bone was my lucky charm. Junkyard dog down on my luck. Mama call me Pretty Boy, li'l squishbucket. I jump on her like she was a meat truck. Dog catcher catched me slathered in mud, far from home. I tried to tell him I was looking for the hole where I put my bone, but dogcatchers don't speak dog. They don't. Dogcatchers don't speak dog. Junkyard dog down on my luck. Mama bailed me outta doggie jail, twenty-five bucks. I jump on her like she was a meat truck.



TA TA, TA-TA'S

Mammories light the corners of my mind, misty water-colored mammories of the way they were... I called up Uncle Kris, Mr. One Breast. Her girlfriend sez, "Kris can't come to the phone right now. She's cutting the grass, one blade at a time." So I go over there. Kris sez, "I grew a good pair." Points a finger out of a sling. "Feel this thing. It's my bumper crop. Next year they're gonna lop it off. I said, 'Take both dangit, don't leave me hangin'.' They said, 'Lady, it's cancer, not a sex change.' I'm a human test tube They're making a bundle amputating my boobs. Who needs tits? Never used 'em anyway. So what? Use 'em or lose 'em. See ya, bye, they're just in the way. I don't need my breast. I just need my arm. It's in a sling. I got shit to do, like be a sex machine and draw some dyke cartoons. Don't tell anyone I'm listening to Bonnie Raitt, she's mental comfort food. I love chemotherapy. I puke up everything I eat. At least dykes think bald girls are neat. I never loved that piece of meat. It wouldn't have been cheap to keep, but I didn't wanna give it to those AMA creeps. I love cancer. It's the best thing that ever happened to me. Suddenly everything in my house has a lifetime warranty. I said I'd be a better archer now, to make the doc laugh, but he didn't know how. I'm surrounded by ex-frat boys. But no one ever asks me to help them move and no one ever calls me rude. Chemo's such an effective diet. It's better than bulimia and all I'm keeping down is ice cream, yeah."

WHAT THE PAPERS DIDN'T SAY

The papers said
"The boy shot himself in the head with his father's deer rifle yesterday..."
Why do you think he did that, Dad? Oh, you don't know, but there was so much brain matter, body tissue and blood, you had to blow his room to kingdom come. You always knew he was gay when he hated to play football, played the violin, never dated girls or played to win. The only good fag's a dead fag.
The papers said "The girl walked in front of a diesel truck after leaving the psyche ward yesterday..." Why do you think she did that, coach? Oh, you don't know, but she was always a little crazy teenage slut seducing you. She wanted you to touch her. No wonder she ended up stripping on speed and selling her ass a nickel a pound. That's where the life of a loser leads. Bring on the fresh meat.
The papers said
"The girl drank a gallon of anti-freeze after leaving church on Sunday..."
Why do you think she did that, Father? Oh, you don't know, but she did us all a favor when she confided in you, she might be gay. And you, speaking words of wisdom, said, Burn in hell, sinner, burn in hell. How'd you know she'd take it that way? Good riddance to bad seeds anyway.

In the letter, the bishops urge parents to encourage their children to lead a chaste life.
... it states clearly that genital sexual activity between same-sex partners is immoral and that the letter is not to be understood "as an endorsement of what some would call a 'homosexual lifestyle.'"

Novelist Blames Depression In Son's Apparent Overdose

Convicted molester is girls' coach

QUEEN OF THE SCENE

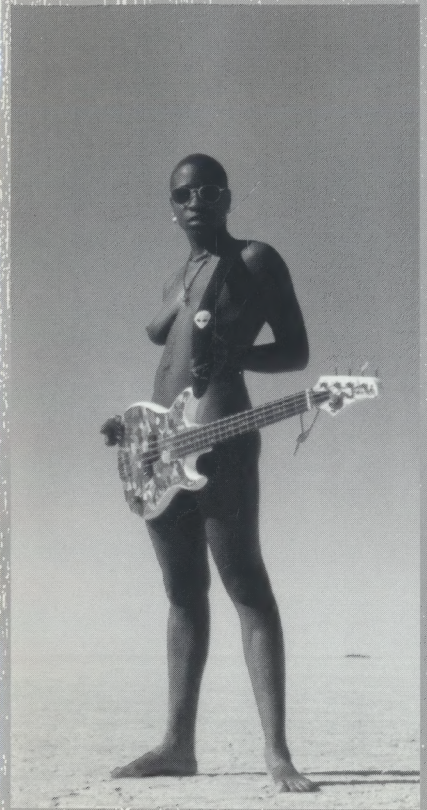
Serving up fineness, she's so gorgeous, you can always find me lying on the floor just to see her perfection from underneath. She's so sweet. Her intellect's superior, make me wanna reach into the interior of her skull, open it with a skillsaw, fondle her brain, warm and real raw. All of her thoughts are complicated, brilliant, sheer genius. It would make other girls act kinda mean just knowin' they're smarter, but not her. Just makes her try harder not to intimidate, just to improve the state of the world. She's a saintly girl who thinks she's evil, a bad seed. Well, I try to tell her I'm under her spell, a good witch spell, not a cold bitch. Hell, her heart's solid gold, but she ain't sold. It bugs me when she says she's boring, no-talent, too fat, too ugly, when she's the only girl with whom I wanna get snuggly. Baby got back. What's wrong with that? Looks at her ass in the looking glass. All she sees is Jabba the Hutt, not a young Liz Taylor's big round butt. Baby got brains, put mine to shame. Trying to follow her gives me a migraine. She's a poet, a logician, a master musician, a theoretician, high priestess gone fishin'. A culture architect, she builds lives. An ancient who flies through the ages, she writes pages of choral symphonies, paints what she sees. There's no brighter place than the mind that shines from behind her face, so why can't she see herself through my eyes? I'll tell you why. All they ever taught the girl was suicide, brainwash self-destruction fate, taught her how to hate what's inside. How can I prove, how can I show, will she ever know I never lied. I'm on her side. She's her own pride and joy.

CASTRATION SONG #22

Lorena don't take no shit. Lorena don't take no shit. She's had enough, you pissed her off. Lorena don't take no shit. Lorena don't take no shit. Lorena don't take no shit. She'll fuck you up, she'll cut it off. Lorena don't take no shit. And the next time she's gonna put it through the meat grinder. Cuz you know she's kickin' herself ever since the last time when she forgot to do that.

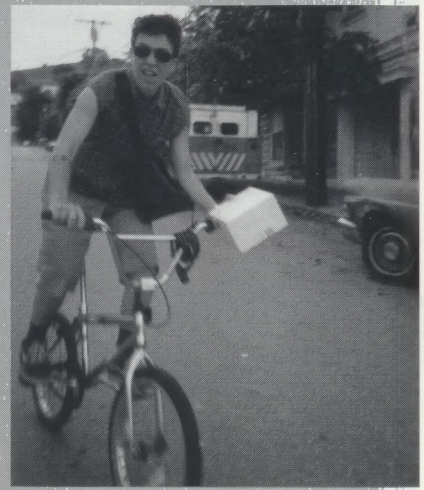
RISE ABOVE

"We are born with a chance."



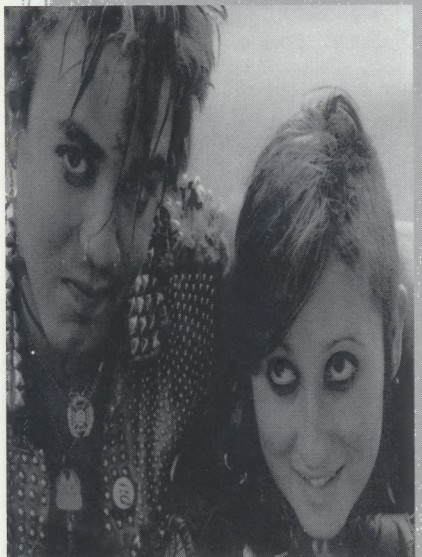
DAREDEVIL DELIVERY

They call me Dolly Danger, I ride for Daredevil Delivery. Can't tie me to no desk or any such kind of misery. They pay me to ride my bicycle, they pay me to live free. I hope they never fire me from Daredevil Delivery. Running reds, killing peds, bus exhaust all day. Nothing beats two wheels downtown, living the messenger way. I tried all kinds of jobs, but they all put me to sleep. I worked at Doggie Diner, but I couldn't take the heat. I walked dogs, drove truck, took off my clothes, I let men call me honey, but nothing beats two wheels downtown, riding a bike for money. Keep the rubber side down. Like a baby heading out. I ain't scared of dying. I just wanna beat the devil flying. I smash the rear view mirrors of errant bus drivers. I like the way my baby feels my bulging thighses. I dream of messy suicides from tops of highrises, and flirt with punk rock girlies in their downtown disguises. Running reds, killing peds, bus exhaust all day, nothing beats two wheels downtown, living the messenger way.



HET PUNX (OPIE 'N' ALLI'S SONG)

I like the het punx on Haight Street, not like some hate punx that we meet. Opie tells horror stories about puberty, Alli likes to hear him, she thinks he's neat. I like the het punx, they like me. Filthy little love unit gettin' shit for free. He says when he was 12, he was so horny, he got his first blow job from his dog Brownie. I said no way, howdja get him to do it? He says, "I put some peanut butter on my dick." Cops roust 'em out their tent, they hate it when you don't pay rent. Illegal to live in the park, happy as two little larks. Spare change bridge and tunnel folks for beer. Hawks and spikes, buttflaps, all the punk rock gear. Crusty punx say "postcard punx" but they don't care. Junkies at the park are the only thing they fear. I like the het punx, they like me. Filthy little love unit gettin' shit for free.



TAKIN' OUT THE TRASH

We got life for sale what's yours worth? Four bux an hour or a grand? There's no such thing as class here in America. There's only lazy crazy people. See the way they treat their kids hear the way they cuss and spit. They're not right, genetic defects inbred that's America's rejects. Anyone can make it if they try. Rosie sways on the bench. Paying twice the rent they call her a freeloader and charge her double to cash her check. Sittin' on cement face full a limit. She's always been here she'll always remind you. Handed down a prophecy queen of the recycling. Collect a $ from lost souls criminal of poverty. She sees eyes fulla empty gotta mind full of fire. She knows tables are gonna turn. At the trailer trash party with privilege to spare, you say Green Day's selling out and the military sux. "Those dumb enough to join deserve to get shot" Ever wonder who deserves a way out? Will you make it after college. Happy that trash is in. You love that aesthetic, the sloppy foul fast fun. It's the best joke in town. I'm not your Hollywood daydream. Not your sexual fantasy. Not your pretty pet. Not your trendy product. She swallows cotton and flies on candy dreams. Taller than billboards, she sings and shatters doors in tune. Silence is the cage she left. Tired of views with no rooms. Always being moved by cops. Won't let 'em melt down her rage into a shiny new commodity. I'm not your Hollywood daydream. Not your sexual fantasy. Not your pretty pet. Not your American dream.

Dedicated to my Grandmother

ESTROFEMME

Gonna take a shower. Gonna do my hair. Gonna put on make-up so boychicks will stare. All plucked and preening. High heels stepping out. It's what you think of me that I'm so uptight about. I'm so cute, I'm so dumb. C'mon baby, let's have some fun. I'm so pretty, I'm so femme. Call me lipstick lesbian. Why look like men if you hate 'em? Why can't you wear a dress? More woman than you'll ever be, more man than you'll ever get. I only pitch, I never catch. I'm a pillow queen. Yeah, right. Slave to my stereotype. I won't go down in history but I'll go down on your sister. I'm just a tool of the patriarchy, a straight girl with a twist. So I'm strapping on my Uzi and this Beavis sez to me, "Have you ever been mistaken for a man?" I said, no, have you? So he called me a dyke and I said yeah, right. That's Mr. Dyke to you. Slave to my stereotype. Tell me what I look like. Say I'm not a real dyke. She's so lovely in the end, she'll be won over by a man. Vanity, vanity, I'm losing my sanity. Vanity, vanity. Who needs personality. I'm a femme so hot you'll wanna tear off all my clothes. I'm a babe so fine you'll wanna chew my panty hose. I'm so worried what my girlfriend thinks. Does she like my cunt, does she think it stinks? Excuse me for the shape I'm in. I'm a slave to my estrogen.

HALDOL SHUFFLE*

Strapped me down and drugged me up. Left me alone in my white room. Mom and white men in white coats pored over paper, conspired to plot my doom. Haldol shuffle, catatonic. Thorazine drowns the self with the sonic delusions that hardly seem demonic when orderlies sheet you whenever they want it. I'm not crazy, institution, you're the one that's crazy, institution, put me in a institution, said it was the only solution. You shoot beasts with dart guns. Navane, Mellaril, lithium. My eyes roll back, I choke on my tongue. Spasms fling the pen from my hand, in the class where I'm a young Einstein. I run outside and shrivel, blinded by the sun in my eyes. Trained myself not to answer the voices that shout in my ears, that try to betray me to the world by making me look at what only I can hear. Jealous, they don't want me to trust, chastise me for satisfying my lust, they tell me, "Forsake all but us. Be self-contained and secretly raucous." All I wanted was just one Pepsi and she wouldn't give it to me, when I went to your schools, I went to your churches, I masturbated to your fantasies. Virus sleeping in my brain. Sins of the fathers, the profane switch thrown to derail my train. You ignore their names and blame me: criminal, immoral, disposable, invisible, insane.

*Haldol is the drug prescribed to stop the voices paranoid schizophrenics hear. It stops almost all other brain activity as well. Asylum inmates call the slow, foot-dragging walk of those under its influence "the Haldol Shuffle." (With thanx to Suicidal Tendencies)

PRISON BLUES

Standin' on the prison assembly line in my blue jeans with the orange patch on the leg, sewin' the seam on a pair just like the ones I'm wearin'. They're gonna send 'em to Japan. I hear they sell for five hundred dollars there, and I'm thinkin', mister, you got a real neat system here. You tryin' to break me. You can't break me. You can't break someone you can't even see. I never could get a job like this on the outside. I tried, but I had to lie about how many kids I had just to get enough measly-ass welfare to feed two of 'em mac 'n' cheese, 'til you busted me for welfare fraud, and suddenly there's a million jobs for me and all my sisters, sewin' seams on export prison-style jeans, twenty-one cents an hour, and strangers to watch my kids somewhere cryin' momma. You tryin' to break me. You can't break me. You can't break someone you can't even see. So don't count me lost, and don't think I'm beat. I got tribe that ain't never givin' up on me. And like Bob Marley say, it's all about the small axe cuttin' down the big tree. Yeah, mister, you got a system, makin' slaves of sisters. Everyday kiss of death, diss us by sayin' it's us pissin' our lives away and not you. Well, mister, I'd watch my back for that small axe, if I was you.

Remember, more than 60% of women in prison are non-violent first offenders. Remember always that prisons are a true reflection of our society. If you are not a part of a movement for positive change then you just have to take what they give you.

OutOf Control has existed for 10 years. It publishes 'Out Of Time' about 10 times a year. The primary focus is always women, current political events, and as much lesbian information as they can find.
Out Of Control: Lesbian Committee to Support Women Political Prisoners, Box 30 c/o Women's Bldg., San Francisco, CA 94110
California Coalition for Women Prisoners publishes 'Fire Inside' newsletter that reports on current situations, including lawsuits, etc. Contact:
Coalition for Women Prisoners, 100 McAllister, San Francisco, CA 94102

HAPA GIRL

You talk to him like he's five years old just because he's got an accent. Don't mean that he don't know yer language. Yeah, here in the factory I'll pretend yer alright. Gotta pay my rent, take my girlie out at night. Silly me I try to have an open mind. Duh. I wish there was something I could really do besides just wait for you to die. Lies and propaganda fill your head. You say I'm white but not racist. Have you listened to what you said. What you don't know may hurt you. And silence won't protect you. This is not a joke and I am not your pal. I am not your ally. Your ignorance I won't buy. Yon't get under my skin. I got my hapa pride. Cuz my skin is light, don't assume I'm so white. Tellin' tired jokes you learned from grandpappy. But I'm not laughing with you anymore. I don't wanna hafta explain my existence. Why don't you join us in this century Mr. Snore. I wish so very much you and your kind could see beyond claiming colorblind but no... I wish there was something I could really do besides just wait for you to die.

Tribe 8
ROLE MODELS FOR AMERIKA
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
Virus 212CD